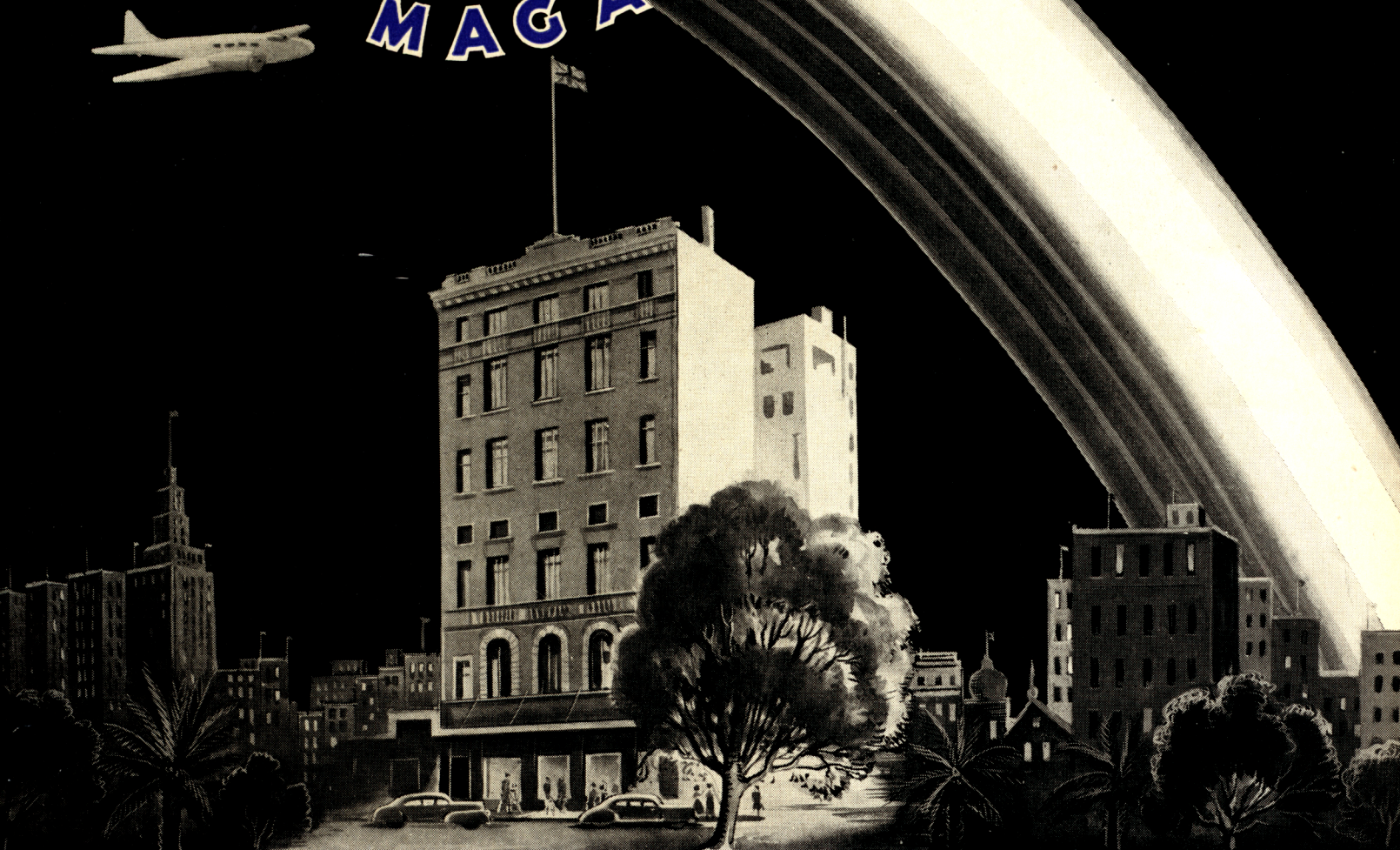
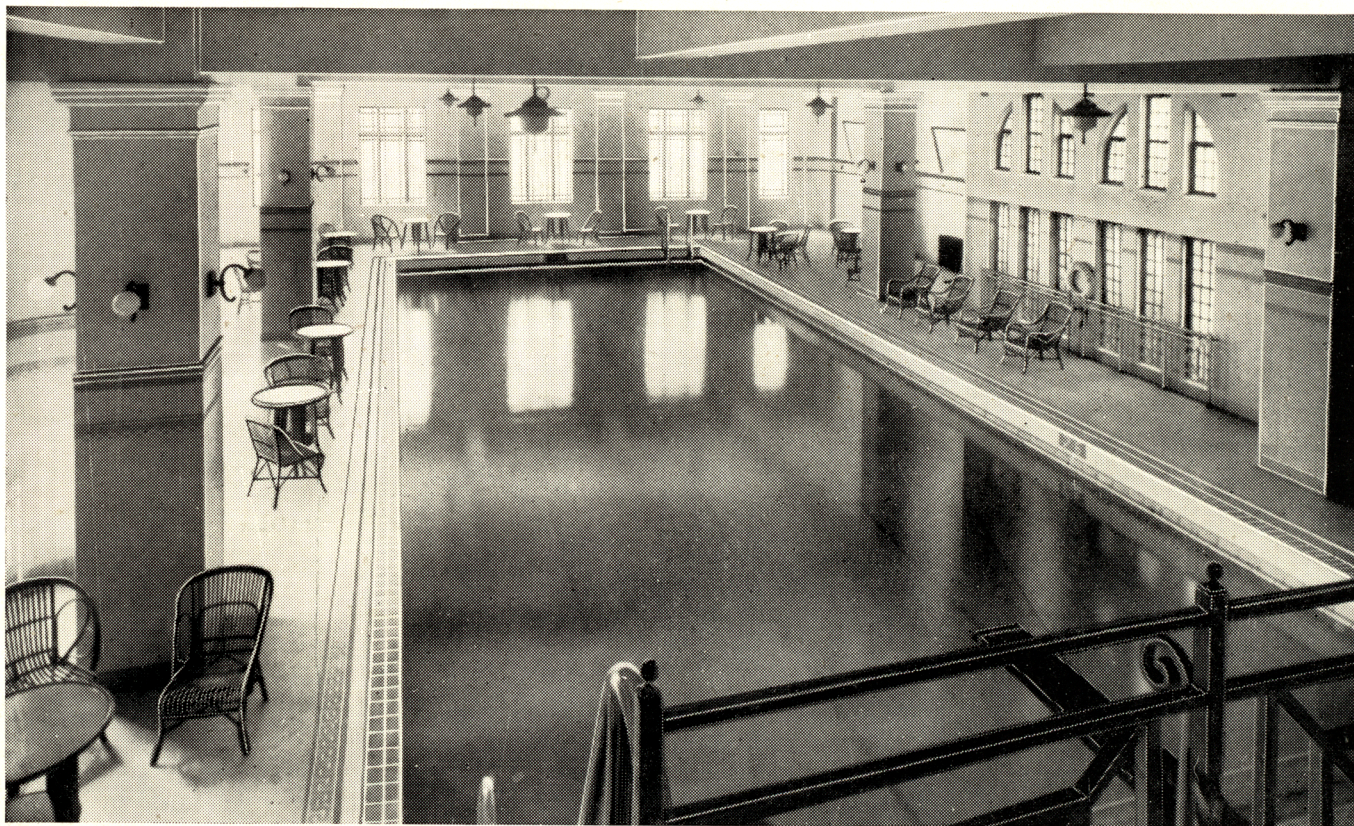


TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY



THE CLUB SWIMMING POOL.
(Third Floor)

THE ONLY ELEVATED SWIMMING POOL IN AUSTRALIA.

EMPHASIS ON SPORT IN RACING

RACING, as written of and talked about, is often infected with a suggestion of being firstly a medium of gambling, a commercial proposition, and, after that—dragged in by the tail, as it were—a sport.

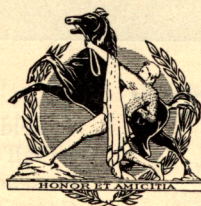
That is, of course, to place the emphasis on the wrong note. Betting, from five-bob wagers to two-grand plunges, is inseparable from racing; but racing, in its appeal, is not based on betting, nor, for its appeal, dependent on betting. The wagering aspect is incidental. True, it would be difficult to picture any race meeting without betting—from the Spring carnival at Royal Randwick, to one "Back o' Bourke". It's part of the outing.

The point we make is that first things should be placed first, and kept first—betting as an adjunct to racing; not racing as a medium for gambling. Critics—and they are not so few as some people feign to believe—dispute that view; and they should be answered positively by facts such as these:

The sport is kept clean, as well as attractive, by able administrators—trusted men with a trust to which they are faithful; besides which there is at all times a public demand that racing and its associates be kept above reproach as much as is humanly possible.

Occasionally, of course, things happen that should not happen—a circumstance not altogether peculiar to racing—but, in applying correctives, preservation of the reputation of the sport, retention of public confidence, are among the main considerations of the administrators.

We prefer to forget the term "morale-builder"—overworked in wartime. Still, none may claim—and get away with it—that the Sport of Kings is failing to retain its place in the forefront of pastimes which provide the people with interest and exhilaration, which spare them an oppressive boredom that, in itself, might lead to grave social disorders—as the wise men well realise.



Established 14th May, 1858.

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The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

OCTOBER.

4th L. C. Wicks, K.	14th H. Townsend,
J. Patrick	A. Leslie Cooper
5th F. P. Robinson	20th Alex. Colquhoun
6th E. W. Bell,	21st E. R. Deveridge,
S. V. Toose	D. S. Orton
7th P. F. Miller	27th A. J. Moverley
9th S. S. Crick	31st C. Bartlett

NOVEMBER.

7th J. A. Portus	26th R. R. Coote
14th Chas. Salon	27th L. Noakes
15th F. D. Foskey	29th W. H. Davies
17th H. L. Carter	30th Barney Fay
21st S. Peters	

IT was just like our old friend, Sol Green, to dip deep into his pocket in the cause of charity. He wrote from hospital of being a sick and tired man and when he was in Sydney several months ago, he told friends in the club that he felt tired, but cheerful for all that. He liked to talk old times with old-timers—saying that it refreshed him.

FRANK B. PAUL'S many good pals in this club were happy to hear that he was well on the road toward recovery after an operation.

TWO friends from Queensland, introduced to club members by Les Harrison, were Stan Sheldon, proprietor of the Redland Bay Hotel, and Dunstan Webb, a veteran of the screen, who some of us remember in the role of Capt. Frere in "For The Term Of His Natural Life". The visitors were happy to renew friendships with club members, W. A. McDonald among them.

NATURALLY, we hope to see the Wallabies win their more important games, but we remember, irrespective of results, that our lads are representing Australia off the field, as well as on the field. We are confident that they will leave behind a splendid sporting reputation.

THE friendly link that has always held between the A.J.C. and Tattersall's Club was endorsed by the presence of members of the A.J.C. Committee as guests of the committee of Tattersall's Club at the race meeting in September.

GEORGE FORMBY, who rode as a jockey on the flat and over the sticks, recalled a hurdle race in which his mount was leading the field by a dozen lengths. Remained only the final hurdle. "I heard the result on awakening in hospital two days later," George relates.

ALF GENGE retains his sprightly wit. In club a member considered that he should provide some form of proof to support a statement. "Don't worry," said Alf, "we sporting men take one another's words, even in the paying over—after we have counted the money."

THE passing of Kenneth Tuson Wheeler will be regretted by many in this club who knew him as an unassuming fellow whose usual luncheon-hour break was to watch the billiards and snooker players. Ken was advertising manager of Associated Newspapers, and only 42 years of age at the end.

AN old-timer who was employed as a stable boy by James Scobie, from the mid-nineties till the early years of the new century, recalled a day when Scobie held a trial race in which figured Malster (Bob Lewis), La Carabine ("Dingo" Richardson), Clean Sweep ("Schnapper" Edwards) and two others less consequential.

Scobie believed that Malster should win, but Clean Sweep upset calculations. After that race, Edwards said to our informant: "Scobie still thinks that Malster should win the

Melbourne Cup. You be on Clean Sweep as a good thing." The jockey proved to be a sound judge.

SHANNON'S solo gallop at Rosehill was one of few of such events. Phar Lap and, before him, Trafalgar, provided exhibition gallops at Randwick. So did The Barb, but that was a very long time ago.

WE regret to record the passing of the following members since last issue:—

DEMPSEY, L. A.

City Member.

Elected 23rd November, 1936.

Died 14th September, 1947.

WHEELER, KEN.

City Member.

Elected 3rd September, 1928.

Died 28th September, 1947.

G. R. MACGREGOR

City Member.

Elected 30th January, 1933.

Died 7th October, 1947.

THE right of the Home Office to requisition his family estate, Tortworth Court, Falfield, Gloucester, for use as a gaol is to be challenged by the Earl of Ducie, who arrived at Tilbury after 7½ years in Australia.

The estate, after being requisitioned by the War Office and the Admiralty, was taken over for an experiment in penal reform and is known as "the prison without bars."

THE bishop who hates Government planning—the Bishop of Chelmsford—told the best story of the week. In a hotel lounge sat three men playing cards. No fourth available, one of them asked his dog to take a hand.

"Extraordinary dog," said a watcher. "Not really," answered the owner. "The game's poker, and when he gets a good hand he wags his tail."

Chelmsford Stakes Day was Our Day

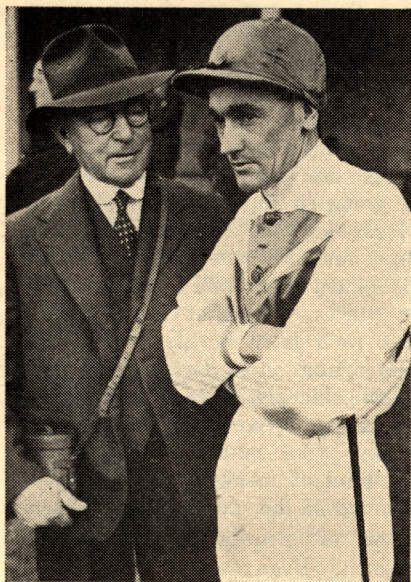
Attendance figures up on previous year, best horses in training competing, and favourable weather conditions all combined to make Tattersall's 1947 September race meeting one of the most successful spring fixtures in its long history.

pected to do well in Melbourne this spring, as well as Two Grand (second to Bernborough in the Chelmsford last year); and Temeraire, who was

tended. Briscoe simply rode the big brown horse along with hands and heels, keeping within striking distance of the lead once the field settled down.

Proctor ran home a comfortable winner by two lengths from Good Idea with Two Grand closest of thirds. Time, 1 51 $\frac{3}{4}$, was not far from the record.

Proctor wasn't penalised whereas Good Idea had several pounds extra to carry. This played an important part in the result.



Trainer Dan Lewis with Jockey W. Briscoe.

A WELL-BALANCED programme brought together all classes of gallopers but main interest was centered in displays by Derby, Epsom, and Metrop. candidates, while the weight-for-age Chelmsford Stakes, as usual, and befitting of its importance, was the "big" event of the programme.

Though somewhat disappointing in relation to numbers—there were six starters only—the field included Proctor, favourite for the Melbourne Cup; Good Idea, who also is ex-



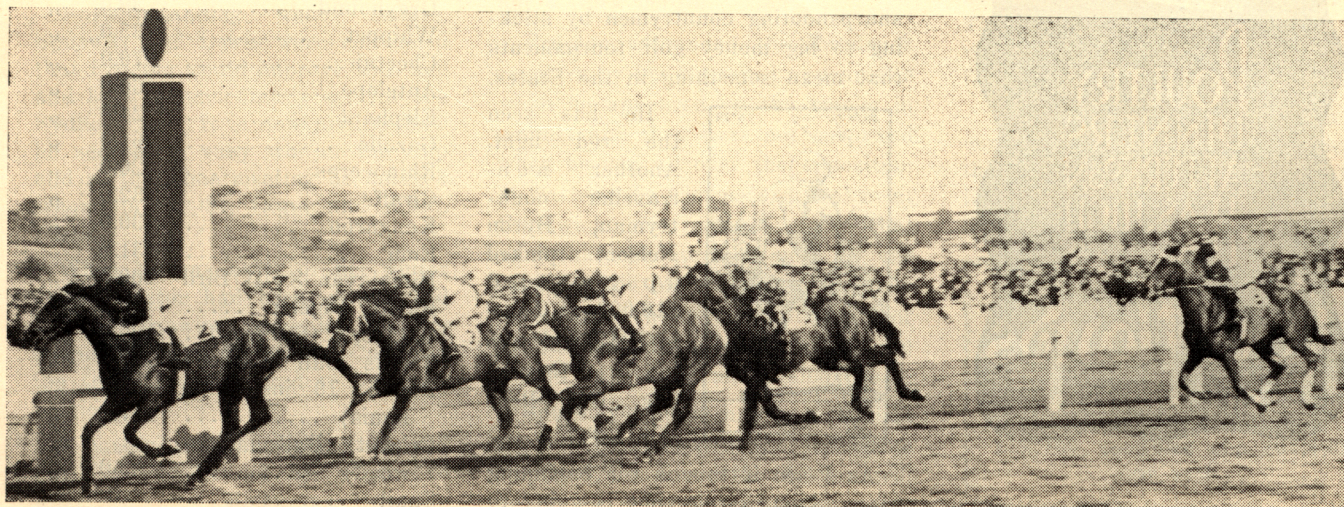
Trainer B. R. Payten and Jockey A. Mulley.

pected to retrieve his Derby position. He didn't. In fact, he shaped so moderately that he was withdrawn from the blue riband before much money was lost on him.

The Chelmsford was a triumph for Proctor whose jockey Billy Briscoe at no stage had him fully ex-



Trainer K. Duggan and Jockey G. Moore.



Norman von Nida Receives Support

Australian Norman von Nida has declared he will not return to England for the 1948 "Open Golf Championship". Financially he has done well on the present tour, and has netted near the £4,000 mark, but the following article from the "News Chronicle" rather favours his case.

THERE was a time when the eager U.S. visitor to Britain's golfing grottos, chiefly the revered St. Andrews, had but one burning hope, and that was to win the Open Championship. It was a fact then that an invader returning to the States with the title in his pocket had the equivalent of a key to the Treasury vaults.

Walter Hagen, for example, used to observe reflectively as he bit the end of his cigar, that the title was worth £10,000 "one way and another." In fact Walter valued it so highly that he came back four times to get a real stranglehold on it. Americans were so golf-struck when one of their citizens returned with the championship—as several of them did—that large sums were paid out by the Press and radio to induce the hero into telling

the homefolks how he managed to beat the consarned British at their own game.

So much for the past.

Listen to last year's winner, smiling Sam Snead. Sam is in sunny Virginia, engaged in the business of knocking the golf ball farther than most people, but he takes time off to remark: "I do not plan to defend my British Open golf title this summer."

I can tell you that Sam is not retiring, entering a Thibetan monastery, or anything like that. Fact is the Open title is like the old gray mare—"ain't what it used to be." Sam says the title brought him only £150 last year, but he had to pay out £200 for travel, food, and the other things that keep a golfer going.

The difference between Walter Hagen's £10,000 title and Sam Snead's minus £50 lies in the fact that the Americans now rate our Open Championship as "just another tournament"—and an unimportant one at that. Stay-at-home Sam is going to set the fashion for his sharpshooting countrymen by sticking to big money golf tournaments that mean something in the States.

He has seen the red light. Another non-traveller countryman, Byron Nelson, picked up around £16,000 at home in 1945 and was too tired to play our Dai Rees this year.



As I see it this is the beginning of a vicious circle that is going to

make our golf a little dizzy. Without the ace-high competition from the States our own professionals are not going to improve.

I shouldn't be surprised if at this stage our own aces start to follow the dollars all around the calendar in the States. Without them what a pack we'll have here!

Reverting to Byron Nelson's £16,000 income. Any professional sportsman, barring perhaps a jockey, who made that kind of money here would be accused of printing his own. Even our best pro. has as much chance of picking up £16,000 as a three-legged horse in the Derby.

I see only one answer—the tournament-playing professional. Until such stars as we have can devote all their time to competition, without worrying about teaching and eating, our golf is gradually going to roll into the gulf now occupied by boxing.

HERE'S a table on relative speeds.

The figures quoted are world record times as at August 1, 1947.

Man runner	14.6 m.p.h.
Racehorse	42.3 "
Greyhound	39.0 "
Whippet	35.0 "
Cheetah	70.0 "
Antelope	60.0 "
Elephant	24.5 "
Gazelle	61.0 "
Rhinoceros	20.0 "
Giraffe	32.0 "
Kangaroo	30.0 "
Emu	31.0 "
Himalayan Swift Bird	200.0 "
Racing Pigeon	67.0 "
Golf Ball (Sarazen)	120.0 "
Tennis Ball (Tilden)	118.0 "
Punch, 10 ins. (Joe Louis)	127.0 "
Cricket Ball (Larwood)	93.0 "
Snail	4 ft. 6 ins.

Horse of the Month—PROCTOR

When Mr. Frank Spurway commissioned Danny Lewis to purchase a likely future stayer at the yearling sales of 1945, only 850 guineas were necessary to secure the bay colt by Actor from Grand Escape.

AT the present moment it would take many times 850 to buy that same thoroughbred which, as Proctor, has already been placed in a Derby and a St. Leger, has won a Sydney Cup and is pronounced favourite for the 1947 Melbourne Cup.

Mr. Spurway had not had a really first-class horse carry his colours since the distant days of Soorak but he must have had a hunch that Proctor would turn up trumps because he told Lewis not to hurry the colt but to give him every chance to develop.

Proctor raced only four times as a late two-year-old and it was not until his second outing next season that he opened his account.

His initial success was in a Novice Handicap at Tattersall's spring meeting and he followed up by winning the Clarendon Three-Year-Old Handicap at Rosehill. In all his early races he exhibited undoubted signs of stamina and although he was not the outstanding colt of his year, he was despatched to Melbourne to have a crack at the Derby and Cup.

He ran third in the Derby and second in the Batman Stakes but finished a good way back in the Melbourne Cup.

Notwithstanding that failure, Spurway and Lewis were convinced that Proctor would improve with age and he was immediately set for the Sydney Cup. It is now history how he scored an easy win in the Cup and at the same meeting he finished second in the St. Leger and A.J.C. Plate.

When he was sent for his winter spell, Proctor had been ear-marked by the knowing ones as the big chance for the Melbourne Cup and the same idea occurred to his connections.

A careful programme was mapped out for Proctor on his return to work with the Melbourne Cup the



Proctor winning his first race. The event was Tattersall's Novice Handicap at Randwick on September 14, 1946, and the horse he defeated was Cherokee Lad.

one big aim. The Metropolitan, which would have been fairly easy to win, was by-passed and Lewis so arranged his schedule of racing that the horse would be cherry ripe by the first week in November and not a week before.

Proctor astounded the Randwick regulars by his improved appearance when he appeared on the tracks in August and they were not surprised when he ran all over the opposition in Tattersall's Chelmsford Stakes at Randwick. So impressive was that win that Proctor became all the rage for the Melbourne Cup and he is regarded as a "good thing" for all the long-distance weight-for-age events in Sydney and Melbourne.

Spurway's horse has been backed for a huge amount in the Melbourne Cup and, on form, the fielders will be racing around looking for cover

if any of the fancied candidates prevail in the Caulfield Cup.

Cup Day is still a long time off but Dan Lewis knows his "Proctor" and it can be taken for granted that Frank Spurway's candidate will be as fit as Lewis can make him. That's saying a lot when it is realised that Dan has trained no fewer than five Sydney Cup winners.

Favourites are often beaten in our big handicaps but "the horse of the month", four-year-old Proctor, looks like having the chance of a lifetime in the 1947 Melbourne Cup.

Official returns show that the attendance at Doncaster (Eng.) was 58,500, compared with 143,000 last year, when the race was on a Wednesday. It was the smallest for many years. The receipts were £38,740, compared with £94,450 last year.

The Queen's Way of Cooking Herrings

FAMOUS chefs went to the Ministry of Food offices at Portman Square yesterday to demonstrate how appetising even the most inexpensive varieties of fish can be if well cooked and served.

"Fish is the one staple food in plentiful supply," said Mr. Strachey in introducing them.

The King's head cook, Mr. R. Aubrey, from Buckingham Palace, handed out some of the recipes used there; and four other chefs from well-known hotels and restaurants cooked and served dishes made from cod, herrings and haddock.

The Recipe.

Here is the queen's favourite way of cooking **Herring with Mustard Sauce:**

Clean the herring, removing the head and tail, open and remove bone and, if a soft roe, dry, season and flour it.

Season and flour the fish and pass through a little thin batter, then crumb and fry it in a little hot fat

moderately fast, cut side down first. Turn over carefully with a slice and cook other side. (This should take about four minutes each side.)

Sauce.—Take some thin white sauce and add to it seasoning and a teaspoonful of mustard mixed with vinegar.

Mr. Aubrey (33), a London man, is the first British chef to be head cook to the King. He was appointed when the Royal Family returned from their South African tour.

THE scene is the Chancery Court, London. The temperature is in the 90's.

A young barrister rises to address Mr. Justice Wynn Parry. The barrister wears the traditional wig and gown.

But he has no waistcoat. The judge refuses to listen.

"Let it be clearly understood," he says, "that until there is a direction to the contrary counsel must wear waistcoats."

LOOKS 80 MINUS 80

THE American millionaire whose offer, last year, to present an 80 ft. statue of Mr. Churchill, waving a "lighted" cigar, for erection on the cliffs at Dover was politely refused by Britain, has now turned his attention to the United Nations.

He wants to provide that body with a 35-ton boulder, which he has had dug up at South Yarmouth, Cape Cod, as a corner-stone for its permanent buildings in New York.

Apprehensive that the offer of the millionaire, Mr. Charles Henry Davies, might lead to a country-wide movement of similar gifts, and that no stone in the country would be left unturned, the United Nations does not know what to do about it.

But Mr. O'Dwyer, Mayor of New York, has no two minds on the subject. He is reported to have threatened to dump the boulder in New York's East River if it rolls into town.

So far the boulder has got no further than South Yarmouth, where it was tipped from a giant trailer on to the side of the road.



A FEW DROPS of Velmol rubbed through the hair in the morning and you can forget it for the rest of the day—you'll be as smart and well groomed at five as you were at nine. Velmol gives your hair that natural, healthy lustre so unlike the "concrete-board" effect of greasy, gummy brilliantines and fixatives. Buy a bottle of Velmol from the 1st Floor Club Store or any chemist—price, 2/3.



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Sydney Takes its Place in Music



So many visitors to Australia have spoken harshly regarding our lack of culture attainments that the expressions of Dr. Boyd Neel, famous conductor, recently came in bold relief. He said, inter alia, that Sydney is one of the most musical cities of the world and probably the only one where an orchestral season could run into 14 performances straight. Picture reproduced here shows Sydney Town Hall during a mid-day orchestral concert and shows a fair average attendance at the current series. Our distinguished visitor expressed the view that the Sydney Symphony Orchestra is heading to take its position as "best in the world" in, say, five years' time. Dennis Collinson is conducting the present series with the Sydney Light Symphony Orchestra.

Police Guards for Inquisitive

THE Duke and Duchess of Windsor are staying in the house that Mr. Parkinson built at Sunningdale, near Ascot racecourse. It cost Mr. Parkinson £160,000. Mr. Parkinson died last year a millionaire, made in electrical undertakings from £21 he drew from his Post Office savings

when he was 21. But this house, Charters, was his proudest possession. It has been described as "monstrous"—a great, white, modern affair, with a flat roof and a lot of glass.

But "luxurious" fails to describe the inside. Every bedroom has its

bathroom, some in pink marble; the air is filtered, the water is softened, and the lighting, from pink to midnight blue, can be changed to suit each course at dinner. Mrs. Parkinson recently returned from America, has gone to a lot of trouble to see that there will be no hitch in the arrangements. Plain-clothes police outside the extensive grounds keep back the inquisitive.

Bargain Basement of the Turf

In this article by Michael Woodroffe—condensed from "Answers" in "The Key Digest" Magazine—stories are told of famous racehorses which have been picked up in the "bargain-basements" of the Turf.

IT is not only in films that galloping goldmines are picked up for a few pounds or won on a raffle ticket. Many a famous racehorse has come from the bargain basements of real-life racing, among them Eclipse, the mightiest thoroughbred that ever wore a bridle.

Every year thousand of visitors to the Natural History Museum in London pause to gaze and wonder at the skeleton of this miracle horse; and in the Jockey Club rooms at Newmarket one of his hooves, mounted on a magnificent salver and shod with gold, is preserved for ever.

Although foaled at the Duke of Cumberland's famous stables, so little was thought of Eclipse that he was knocked down to a Smithfield butcher for a mere 75 guineas in 1765.

Then Colonel Dennis O'Kelly saw him. This notorious Irish gambler

at once realised the speed that was locked up in Eclipse's rippling muscles, and even before he had seen the horse in action he offered the amazed butcher nearly £700 for a half-share.

At Eclipse's first race—the Queen's Plate at Winchester—O'Kelly staked a fortune, undertaking to name the order of the field at the finish. He did it in the terse, thrilling sentence that has since become one of the classic phrases of our language: "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere!"

Eclipse flashed past the post alone, leaving his formidable rivals bunched together down the course almost out of sight, a good 240 yards away.

Amazing Bargain.

An even more amazing bargain was effected in 1728 when a Norfolk squire discovered a magnificent bay racer pulling the water-cart through the cobbled streets of Paris. He was bought for a song, shipped to England, and eventually found his way to the Earl of Godolphin's stud farm. As the renowned "Godolphin Arabian," he became one of the three great tap-root sires from whom, says the Encyclopaedia Britannica, thoroughbreds all over the world are descended.

Many horses have gone from the shafts of some old cart to the winning posts of epic races. For instance, there was Chandler, the "flying thunderbolt," who won the Grand National in 1848, when the neck-breaking Aintree course was blanketed in drenching rain, and whose fabulous leap across a brook nearly 40 feet wide was long considered the most terrific jump ever made by a steeplechaser. Formerly he was an ugly, fiddle-headed brute who knew no greater thrills than pulling his master's trap through quite Warwickshire lanes—until a famous huntsman, Captain Peel, turned up at a meet without a mount.

Chandler's owner, Mr. Garnett, drove by in his trap and, seeing

Peel's disappointment, offered to lend him his horse from the shafts. Impressed by the animal's tremendous going over fences, Peel asked Garnett to name his own figure. "Would twenty guineas be too much?" suggested Garnett, and for that trifling sum the horse was sold.

The rise of the great Salamander was even more sensational. Foaled in some wretched Irish shack and described as a mere scarecrow, he was sold for £35 to a Limerick dealer, who thought so little of him that he was resold as a job lot with two other hunters.

Salamander grew strong on the green downlands of Limerick, and his owner discovered that he had an incredible burst of speed.

Salamander remained so "dark" a horse that, entered in the Grand National of 1866, he started a 40-1 outsider. There were some grand jumpers running that day: L'Africaine, Hall Court, Alcibiade, The Doctor. Aintree was at its most treacherous, the fences at Beecher's, Valentine's, and the rest covered with powdery snow. At the open ditch L'Africaine was connoned. Hall Court stuck in the thick spruce

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as he scrambled over Valentine's. Alcibiade hit the water at Beecher's.

Away ahead Salamander was taking the perilous gorse and water-jumps like a panther at the spring. No horse could stay with him as he sailed in, a winner by ten lengths.

Best-loved horse in our grandparents' day was the unbeatable Ormond, who streaked home ahead of everything in the Derby of 1866. It was seriously suggested that he take part in Queen Victoria's Jubilee procession. London society mobbed him and fed him on orchids and iced cake at a great reception arranged in his honour on the lawns of the Duke of Westminster's town house.

Even when retired, he fetched £30,000 from an American buyer, and a public subscription list was floated, aiming to raise £40,000 to retain him as a national institution.

Flying Fox was another horse whose hooves had the golden touch. In the sunshine of a perfect June day of 1889, the Fox, hottest of Derby favourites, looked so magni-

ficent as he came past the stand in the parade that even hardened punters paused to admire him.

At the starting-post he bolted no fewer than five times. At last "They're off!" thundered across the course. Even for the Derby, the pace was a killer with such whirlwind going that the tragic Holocaust, a grand French horse, snapped a leg clean in two! But Flying Fox made no mistake this time. Round Tattenham Corner and into the straight he came, flashing past the post amid rapturous cheering. Afterward the Fox was sold for the then record-breaking price of £37,600.

As money-makers, however, none of the mighty horses of old times can approach our modern champions. Many a top-notcher today has earned as much as £60,000 in stake money during his brief years of active service, and afterward in the long period of retirement he will be in constant demand at the stud at £500 a time.

The great Bahram, owned by H.H. the Aga Khan, created a sensation in 1935 by winning the Derby, the Two Thousand Guineas and the St. Leger.

It has been estimated that a Derby victory is worth anything from £50,000 upward. Indeed, after his smashing Derby of 1928, £100,000 was offered for Felstead and declined by his owner, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen.

But perhaps the most amazing racehorse offer concerns Man o'War, the American "horse that could outrun a train"—a four-legged idol credited with the speed record of 43 miles an hour. Samuel D. Riddle, his owner, refused £125,000 for him, and when a persistent bidder begged him to name his own figure he replied with twinkling eyes: "Well, if you can afford to buy Napoleon's tomb from France and the Koh-i-noor Diamond from Britain, drop by again. Then maybe I'll give you a quotation for Man o'War" . . .

—Key Digest.



Lunch time in Spring Time. Scene shows portion of Hyde Park fronting our Club premises.

A HEARSE AT THE DOOR

Short Story by George McLennan

(Specially written for Tattersall's Club Magazine.)

OLD James McAllister sat up in bed and groaned. He rubbed his face hard to make sure he was awake.

"Ettie, Ettie, wake up!"

He pushed his sleeping wife roughly.

"What on earth's the matter James? Is the house on fire?"

The note of sarcasm faded quickly from her voice as she saw her husband's face drawn and grey in the dawnlight.

"Are you ill Jamie lad?"

"It's another of my dreams Ettie. A really bad one this time, a really bad one."

"Nothing to do with the family James?" the old woman queried anxiously, for when James dreamed of ill befalling the family he made life miserable for everyone.

James nodded his grey head slowly.

"Helen or Jeannie?"

"No, not the girls. It was about Malcolm. We must stop him riding today Ettie whatever happens."

"But how can we? You know this is the day he has been waiting for since he was first apprenticed. He'll give you no thanks for trying to interfere."

James seemed not to hear.

"It was all so clear Ettie. There I was standing against the fence where I always stand. At the furlong there was a big chestnut leading by a length from a black horse whose jockey had an all-red jacket with Malcolm coming up fast on Shooting Star half a length back. I could see the boy's orange cap bobbing and his whip flailing.

"Near the half furlong Malcolm passed the black and came up on the flank of the chestnut. Then the chestnut swerved. I don't know why. Shooting Star ran clean into him and Malcolm went flying."

James covered his eyes with his hands and moaned.

"Then what?" asked Ettie humouring him, for she had long ago learned the futility of arguing such matters with him.

"The rest of the field came thundering up. The crowd was scream-

ing and I was screaming with it. Then, suddenly, I was looking at our home. There was a hearse at the door Ettie, a hearse at the door..."

At breakfast Malcolm was jumpy with excitement. He had won some good races but this was the first time he had been entrusted with an "unbeatable favourite" in a major event.

"When I get Shooting Star home we'll be in the money," he declared heaping marmalade on his toast. "There'll be more than £500 in it for me and you girls can have anything you want. I know a joey who peddles real nylons' round the stables and there'll be a pair each for you two pairs each."

Old James took a deep breath.

"Malcolm, you must not ride today."

The jockey looked carefully at his father's set face trying to figure out the joke.

"You been drinking this early?"

James spoke slowly.

"Just before dawn I had a dream..."

The jockey placed his knees against the edge of the table, tilted his chair back and roared with laughter.

"Another of your blanky dreams! I suppose you want me to go up to Mr. Knight as large as life and say, 'please sir, I can't ride Shooting Star in the Flying because my father dreamed I'd get hurt if I did.'"

James bridled.

"You ignorant young fool. Will you never learn? Have I not predicted correctly before? Didn't I tell you Billy, your dog, would get run over that Easter holiday if you didn't tie him up? But you didn't believe what I told you and the big red truck killed him."

Sure you told me. But you were always worrying about Billy and you just worried yourself into dreaming about him. He was so old and slow he had nearly been bowled a hundred times before your nightmare."

"Then I can only warn you that I know as surely as I sit here you'll

bring sorrow on this house if you ride today."

Malcolm blew up.

"If I was a jittery guy you'd have me scared right out of the saddle. Anyhow just where do you reckon I'll break my neck?"

James related his dream.

"Look," declared Malcolm, "if there's only one prad in front of me at the half furlong I'll lay a million to one I miss him by a mile. Just quit worrying and eat your breakfast."

"But you don't understand. You can't beat the fates laddie though you be the best rider in the world," James persisted. "What's to be must be if you ride in that race."

"Dam it," yelled Malcolm, "You're giving me the jitters."

Malcolm stamped out of the kitchen leaving his mother, Helen and Jeannie in tears and James with his head bowed.

James took up his position on the fence half an hour before the first race as was his custom. He hadn't made any bets and he did not intend to make any. He had not come today for pleasure.

The first two races were run. James did not even mark the results in the race book which he had bought automatically at the gate.

Back in the saddling paddock Mr. Knight was giving Malcolm his final instructions.

"Just keep with the field until the four furlongs, move up to the leaders by the two and then go all out for the post. Shooting Star can whip this field if you handle him as I tell you. Good luck son."

"Out you go boys," called the Clerk of the Course.

There was no trouble at the barrier. The horses lined up, moved in and "they're off".

Malcolm settled in with the bunch while a couple of squibs hit the front and established a two lengths lead.

There was no doubt about Shooting Star. He was the goods — strong, long-striding, full of speed. Pleasure to ride. Regular arm chair job.

Five furlong post! Better get

ready to move up. An opening was developing between Vanguard and Prince Charlie just ahead. Four furlong post! Shooting Star responded to a touch of the blunt spurs and a slackening of the reins and went through.

Only two horses were ahead—a black with a red-jacketed rider and a big chestnut.

For the first time since the race began Malcolm thought of his father's dream. His belly went shivery. Of course it was all baloney. Dreams were shadows. This was reality. Still it was queer that the only three horses the old man had mentioned were fighting out the finish. Pure coincidence! But what about Billy, the dog, being skittled?

Two furlong post!

Malcolm tried to pull himself together. He'd have to quit thinking of dreams if he was to catch the leaders. But the dream was riding

with him. He knew that as sure as his name was Malcolm McAllister the chestnut would have a length on the black at the furlong with Shooting Star half a length back.

And that's how it was.

Shooting Star went past the black and up on to the chestnut—up on to the chestnut's flank.

The scene was set as in the dream. set to the minutest detail. Ground flying underneath. Steel shod hooves in a riot of movement. This was it. Tragedy was about to happen. Death!

Malcolm panicked.

Rising high in his stirrups he hauled savagely on the reins as though to stop his horse in its tracks. Shooting Star lost balance, swerved wildly. Down went the leaders in a tangle of lashing hooves. The rest of the field came thundering up.

Malcolm came round lying on a stretcher in the casualty room. One

of the course doctors was bending over him.

"How do you feel boy?"

The jockey moved his arms and legs gingerly.

"O.K. Doc. Any bones broken?"

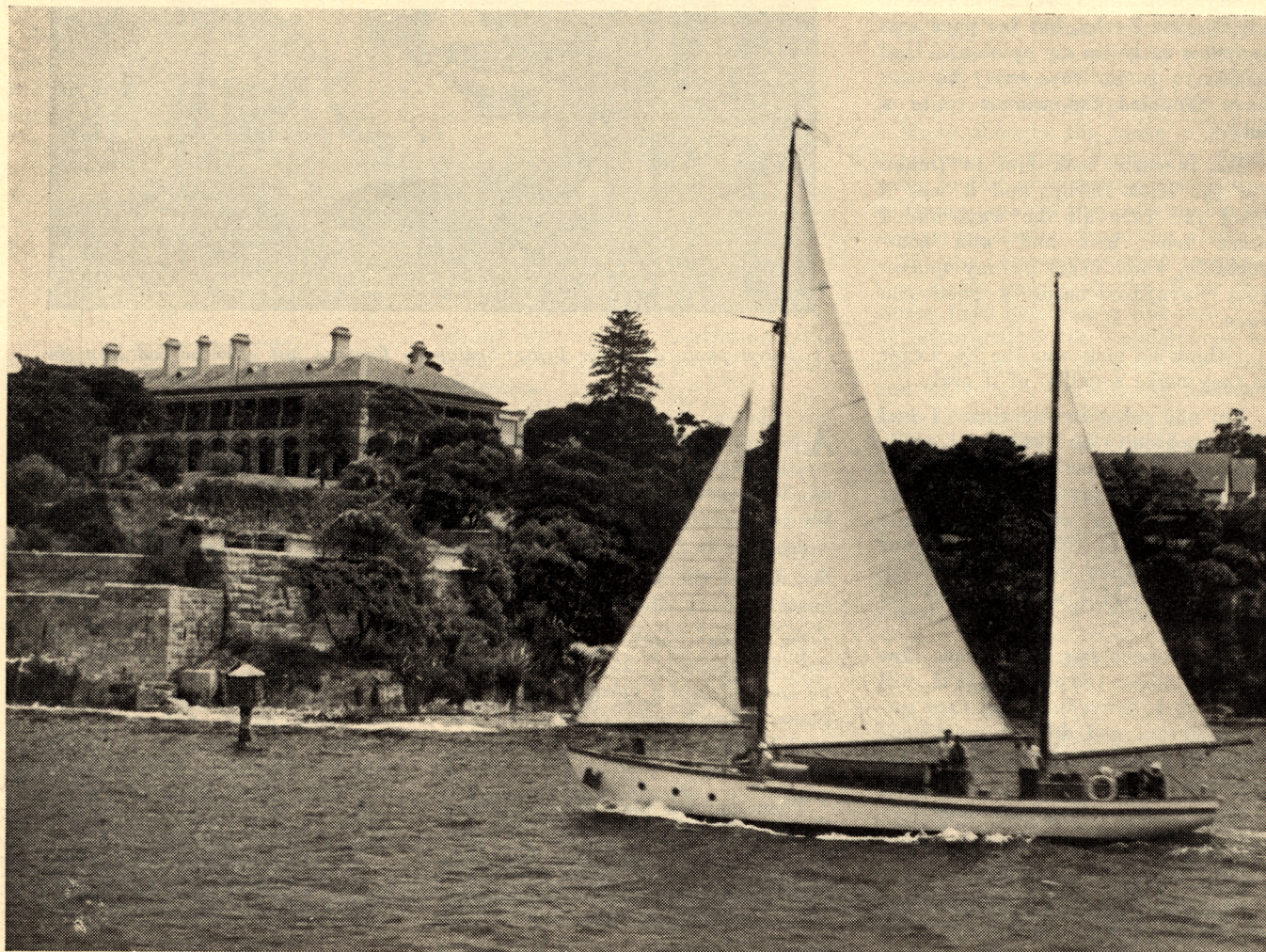
"Don't think so. You were lucky you rolled under the rail and clear of the field. Sunray's jockey broke a leg and his collarbone. Drink this."

The draught pulled Malcolm together and he sat up after a few minutes. A form covered with a white sheet lay on a nearby stretcher.

"Hey doc. what's that?"

"A casualty of your crash. Some old chap who collapsed at the fence with heart failure when you piled up."

Malcolm got up slowly and moved over to the draped figure with a dreadful premonition of whose still face he would see when he raised the sheet.



Spring brings out the white sails on Sydney Harbour. View shows Admiralty House on Kirribilli Point in Background.

ROUNDAABOUT *of* SPORT

A St. Leger crowd many thousands below expectations cheered to the echo when Sayajirao cleverly held off the unbeaten French colt Arbar in the most thrilling finish we have seen for a classic race this season.

Edgar Britt Writes . . .

Edgar Britt, who is enjoying a very successful season in England, writes interestingly to member Mick Polson.

Dear Boss,

Many thanks for your letters of 25th June. It's so good to hear from you after so long. It is the travelling that kills one in this business here. It is very tiring, last week I drove over 900 miles in my car to 3 different meetings during the week. But I should not complain as I rode 3 winners for my trouble.

Sayajiroa ran a very good race in the English Derby, but the pace was too slow early (in my opinion). Had it been a faster race early he may have troubled the winner quite a lot.

We recently took him to Dublin for the Irish Derby, and it was a good run race all the way, and I came from last and won comfortably, which bears out my opinion that Sayajiroa needs a good run race.

I think he may win the St. Leger if they make a gallop of it early.

I'm not going to America. I had the opportunity but we're not sending our good horse, but a second rater, which in my opinion is hardly good enough to win there, so am glad I'm out of this trip, but hope to go there when we take something over that's useful, and we think will win there.

I know from our experiences that we must have something that will stand up to travelling, and race under different and difficult conditions—much different to racing in this country.

Yours sincerely,
Edgar.

"News of the World Reporter": The man whose colt won yesterday's St. Leger went to bed at 9.30 the previous night. He was very, very tired.



Latest photo of Edgar Britt. Sent from England just after he had won the St. Leger.

AND that was not surprising, for the Gaekwar of Baroda, owner of *Sayajirao, hadn't been to bed the previous night.

He was flying from India on the first leg of the long journey to Doncaster's Town Moor.

On Friday morning the Gaekwar was in Bombay. Before high noon he stepped into a specially chartered plane, stopped once, at Instabul, and at 2.30 in the morning touched down in England.

Then came a long delay, for low cloud and the prospect of rain seemed likely to stop the last part of the journey.

But the Gaekwar was lucky. During the morning the weather improved. He took off again, and was

in Doncaster in time for the first race, which, as a happy omen, was won by his well-known sprinter Chateau Madrid.

Then, at twenty past three, he saw handsome Sayajirao smash the Continental challengers in the St. Leger and put Britain back on the racing map.

Afterwards the Gaekwar joined his plane again, and flew back to London. A car waited at Heathrow, and His Highness reached his Surrey home at Headley by the dinner hour.

All that the Gaekwar could be persuaded to say was that he was "delighted with the result".

His secretary added that there will be a celebration later. "But to-

night," he said, "His Highness must sleep."

Rarely has Yorkshire raised such an exultant roar than in that split second when Sayajirao flashed past the post a head in front of the French Arbar, with the Aga Khan's Migoli third. Pearl Diver, French conqueror in our Derby this year, was fourth.

It was a proud moment for the Gaekwar whose confidence in Dante's younger brother had never wavered. He bought him as a yearling at Newmarket for the record sum of 28,000 guineas.

In the race itself Sayajirao emulated his owner's hustle. He came from last place to first in the final furlong.

The crowd—momentarily hushed when Australian jockey Edgar Britt shook up the colt for the challenge—rent the heavens with their cheers as he galloped past the strung-out field one by one.

Seconds later, his sheepskin noseband still immaculate, Sayajirao walked sedately into the unsaddling enclosure.

As they waited for the "all right" he looked calmly round at the excited, cheering crowd, and his mild eyes seemed to ask: "What's all this fuss about?"

*Sayajirao is derived in this way: SAYAJI, name of the Gaekwar's eldest son. RAO, prince.

GORDON RICHARDS has now ridden 3,260 winners, which equals the world's record held by the late Sam Heapy, who rode many in Belgium.

PRIZEWINNER in many golf professional tournaments, Abe Mitchell died at St. Albans. He was 60 and had been professional to the local Verulam club since 1936.

Mitchell was one of the greatest golfers never to win the Open.

BEBBINGTON'S (Eng.) best story of the "good old days" concerns a bookie who maintained a boxer bodyguard. When the Derby winner passed the post the bookmaker was in deepest red and the first punter to claim his winnings — £50 — was knocked stone cold.

A second came up and asked for

£30. "Not too hard," said the kindly bookie, and the claimant was laid gently to rest. In a few minutes the bodies of unconscious would-be collectors dotted the countryside like unfinished houses.

The last punter to appear looked on the scene with horror. With a significant glare, the bookie snarled: "How much, do **you** want?" "N-nothing," was the trembling answer, "I-I just brought your ticket back."

BILL VOCE, 37-year-old Notts and England left-arm bowler, has retired from first-class cricket and has been appointed joint coach of the Notts Club with T. B. Reddick.

Voce, who has been experimenting this season as a slow bowler, has been experiencing trouble with one of his fingers which prevents him spinning the ball for more than a few overs. The committee stated last night that he had asked to be left out of the team.

First appearing for Notts in 1927, Voce has played in 27 Tests for England. He toured Australia three times and was associated with his county colleague Harold Larwood in the famous "body-line" controversy of 1932-33.

CONGRATULATIONS to amateur billiardist Tom Cleary of Victoria on his winning the Australian title from Bobby Marshall of Western Australia.

In the series, just concluded in Adelaide, Marshall found that proprietorship of a new dry-cleaning business plus lack of practice were too big a hurdle. All the same Cleary compiled a break of 435 which toppled the 338 previously put up by Marshall.

In the tournament each player met the other and Cleary was undefeated. Arthur Bull of Sydney was runner-up with only one loss.

THE inter-club billiards and snooker tournaments in which our members competed came to a close on Tuesday, September 30, when City Tattersall's defeated our representatives in the snooker section. Actually City Tattersall's figured in both finals, which were played at Ashfield School of Arts, but

the Millions Club proved too strong at Billiards although the margin was narrow. Our sincere congratulations to the winners and thanks to own players who carried our flag into the snooker final.

THERE is every chance of an Australian four-oar crew being sent to the Olympic Games to be held in London next year. The distance for all rowing events has been reduced to 1,850 metres meaning 1 mile 263 ft. 6 ins. in our measurements. At present five States are preparing crews for test races. Looks like a star item for Sydney's annual Anniversary Regatta next January.

THE "Wallabies" Rugby Union team now touring England had a glorious run of successes early but met their Waterloo at Cardiff where they were beaten 11-3.

Three casualties helped the opposition but no excuses can be made. The wisdom of selectors in omitting our best hooker from the tourists is now being tested to the full.

Many thought the move a grave error and reports coming to hand refer to the handicap our backs are suffering because they are unable to secure possession from the scrums.

It was contended that scoring movements rarely started from the scrum base but from a line-out.

Unfortunately the opposition is now getting too much of the ball and while they have it the Australians scoring chances are nil.

The new move may work out all right in the end.

VICTORIAN boxer Eddie Miller is another of the glove brigade to learn that giving away weight to a classy opponent is dangerous. He went up against American Freddie Dawson at Melbourne during September and was k.o.'d in two.

Miller not only lost that bout but also a heap of prestige in England where he had just enjoyed a most successful season.

English promoter, who was endeavouring to arrange a title bout for him in his division, is loath to go on with proceedings and fears Miller must again start from the bottom when he returns to England in December.

Novel Hospital Scheme

SOMETHING new in hospital administration has had its trial in Nottingham and has met with remarkable success.

A patient entering the General Hospital here is given no time to feel lonely or worried. The moment he is admitted to a ward he is handed a letter of greeting. "We welcome you to our hospital!" states this letter, "though we are very sorry for the cause which brings you here, and we hope that your stay will be as happy as is possible in the circumstances."

"Our staff are anxious to do all they can for you, and to help you get well and fit again."

"The domestic staff are only too willing to do their part in seeing to your comfort."

"Our hospital is a voluntary hospital, built and maintained for 170 years by voluntary contributions, subscriptions, donations and lega-

cies, and, like many others, owes its existence to the Christian desire to alleviate and prevent pain.

"Will you help us to run our hospital for your benefit and comfort, and also for that of your companions in the ward, by adapting yourself as far as you can to the routine?"

There follows a list of helpful points—where to place valuables, delivery times for papers and mail, times for smoking, where to find the hospital chaplain and when to expect visitors.

Finally, this cheerful greeting ends: "We wish you a speedy recovery."

Nottingham General Hospital has 459 beds and a staff of nearly 700. It is governed by a board of forty members, who designed this letter of greeting two months ago.

The Assistant House-Governor, Mr. C. L. Reddaway, said: "We be-

lieve we have started something really useful. The letter is given to a patient on admission, and we have been told by hundreds how much it is appreciated."

AUSTRALIAN cricket fans will applaud performances of Englishmen Denis Compton and W. ("Bill") Edrich who, in the season just closed, beat the previous batting aggregate record put up by Tom Hayward 300 years back.

Both players named were here with Walter Hammond's 1946-47 side and made themselves deservedly popular.

Compton scored 3,816 runs to average 90.85 (18 centuries) while the Edrich tally was 3,539 at 80.43. Hayward's record was 3,518.

Others who were here with us a few months back and who performed with honours in county contests were Cyril Washbrook 2,662 (68.25), Joe Hardstaff 2,396 (64.75), Len Hutton 2,585 (64.62).

Les Ames, here in 1928-32-36, scored 2,272 (64.91).

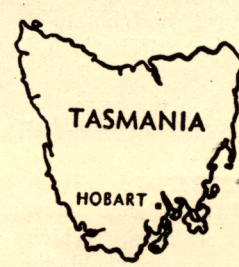


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OLYMPICS GAINING ATTENTION

GRADUALLY Australia's top athletes are becoming more and more Olympic-minded and the theme will be intensified from now until selections are announced some time in 1948.

A glance at performances of our representatives over the years shows a bare dozen successes in half a century.

The Winners

Swimming.—F. C. V. Lane, 200 metres, Paris, 1900; Hardwick, Champion, Boardman and Healy, 800 metres team, Stockholm, 1912; Boy Charlton, 1,500 metres Freestyle, Paris, 1924; Dick Eve, High Dive, Paris, 1924. Women's Section: Fanny Durack, 100 metres Freestyle, Stockholm, 1912; Claire Dennis, 200 metres, Los Angeles, 1932.

Sculling.—Bobby Pearce, Amsterdam, 1928; Los Angeles, 1932.

Cycling.—E. L. Gray, 1,000 metres Time Trial, Los Angeles, 1932.

Athletics.—A. W. Winter, Hop-Step-Jump, Los Angeles, 1932; E. H. Flack, 800 metres and 1,500 metres, Athens, 1896.

There's nothing to gloat over in that record but we have produced many performers of outstanding quality and can point to a modicum of place getters to bolster local ideas that our athletes are right up to par with the world's best.

The list shows eight water successes (including sculling) one cycling and three athletics.

So far we have missed out in boxing and wrestling although R. L. Snowy Baker got into the final (boxing) against the late J. W. H. T. Douglas and Eddie Scarf wrestled into third position at Los Angeles and Berlin.

A peculiar thing is that cyclists Wally Coppins, Gerald Halpin and George Dempsey each broke records in their trials but were unplaced in the finals.

Halpin was acknowledged the fastest amateur awheel in 1924 but punctured in the final test.

Our own member, W. ("Billy") Longworth, was also in the unfortunate class. In 1912 he qualified for the 100 metres freestyle swimming final but was stricken with illness and had to withdraw.

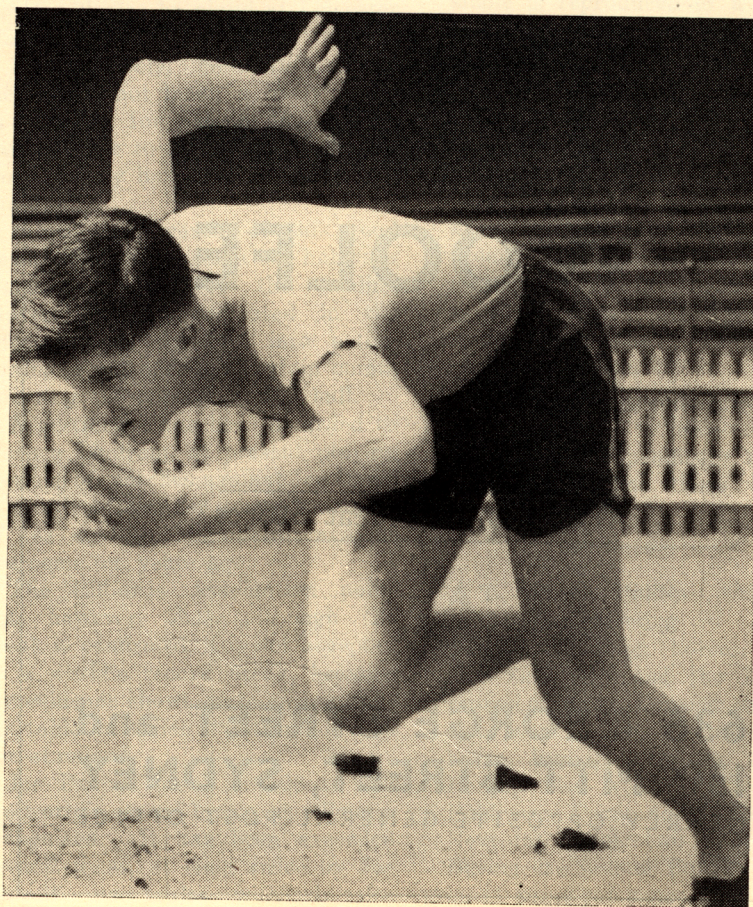
As showing what is required of the present would-be Olympics it must be remembered that Jimmy Carlton clocked 9.6 for the 100 yards and 20.4 for the 220 yards on Sydney Cricket Ground before going to the Games but ran fourth in the Amsterdam 100 metres heat and could only manage third placing in the 200 metres.

Our brightest star at the moment—John Treloar—clocked 9.6 on six occasions last season and it is evident he must improve by another yard or more to give him a 100 per cent. chance in London next year.

Perhaps our brightest hope for the London Games is A. Winter, high jumper, of Western Australia, who consistently registers near-world record heights and is certain to improve with expert coaching.

Pat Walsh, who trains Treloar, is confident he can add extra speed to his charge and seeing he has already coached 843 title winners his judgment must be accepted as particularly sound. Walsh never lets his enthusiasm run away with his head.

It is too early yet to prognosticate probable representatives but Treloar and Winter have only to reproduce last season's form to make their selection a certainty. But, generally speaking, unless our stars can do very much better than in the past it is considered our team should be small and money saved spent in expert coaching of those chosen.



John Treloar.

BEECHAM'S TRIBULATIONS

When Sir Thomas Beecham was in Australia as guest conductor for the A.B.C., he let us know in no uncertain manner what he thought of Australians and their attitude to high-class music. The following is culled from an English newspaper, and shows all is not 100 per cent. abroad.

WHEN Sir Thomas Beecham conducted the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in the second concert of the London Music Festival at Harringay Arena recently, fewer than

2,500 of the 10,000 seats were occupied. There were whole blocks of empty seats.

Few extraneous noises penetrated into the hall. On the opening night

there was criticism of the distraction caused by nearby trains and rattling of crockery from the buffets.

Planned to last a month, the Festival is intended to bring "music to the masses" and before it ends most of the 10,000 seats, at prices ranging from 1/6 to 10/-, are expected to be occupied.

Neither Jack Hylton nor F. S. Gentle, chairman of the Harringay Arena, who are sponsoring the venture, are seriously perturbed. "The Festival will go on for the month even if Mr. Gentle and I are the only people in the audience," said Mr. Hylton last night, "but I am sure we shall have the full support of the public."

Of Saturday's concert Scott Goddard writes: I heard a piano concerto, some music by the orchestra alone, and some operatic arias sung with evident relish by Mr. Paolo Silveri. It was extremely difficult to judge the attainments of the performers, placed as they were in the middle of a vast hall.

The acoustics were too chancy for accurate hearing. The piano came off best and I am willing to wager that Solomon was playing the Third Beethoven Concerto beautifully.

At moments, through the hiss and rattle of an adjacent shunting yard, the solo work in the slow movement sounded well.

It might be that if the hall could be even half filled and the shunting stopped, the excellent programmes announced for the remainder of the festival would produce at least something of the effect promised by the promoters.

WALTER HAMMOND in "The Star" makes mincemeat of the "tall stories" that bespattered the British Press about the M.C.C. tour in Australia.

He is amazed and shocked, he says, at these misapprehensions, adding: "I am beginning to wonder whether I was on the same tour . . . The Australian public were the most sympathetic I have ever known in all my four tours in that country."

It is to be hoped his article will be widely quoted in the Australian newspapers.

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RESULTS OF SECOND ROUND.

C. K. MacDonald-W. S. Edwards	beat	F. C. Belot-G. D. Tayler	by 9
E. A. Davis-Vic. Richards	"	J. W. Norris-A. H. Charleston	" 35
A. Buck-J. L. Hughes	"	L. R. Flack-Dr. A. S. Reading	" 33
S. Peters-J. D. Mullan	"	A. M. Cattanach-W. R. Dovey	" 45
I. E. Stanford-J. A. McClean	"	F. Vockler-J. Harris	" 53
J. H. Peoples-S. A. Brown	"	J. A. Roles-J. Davis	" 32
B. M. Lane-Chas. Rich	"	"G.J.W."-J. W. Large	forfeit
K. T. Wheeler-T. S. Woodbridge	"	A. T. Norton-P. B. Lindsay	by 35
W. I. Hill-H. V. S. Kirby	"	R. G. Mead-E. W. Bell	" 33
D. F. Graham-C. S. Brice	"	A. C. Gelling-A. G. Collins	forfeit
T. E. Sweet-J. A. Williams	"	R. F. Rattray-W. K. Garnsey	by 14
E. H. Booth-D. Lotherington	"	C. J. Manning-A. Page	" 26
G. Fienberg-A. H. Stocks	"	J. A. Shaw-H. G. Parr	forfeit
J. R. Coen-W. H. Relton	"	L. J. Haigh-Percy Smith	by 20
E. E. Davis-W. Longworth	"	L. D. Tasker-R. M. Colechin	" 33
I. Silk-A. F. Eastment	"	A. R. Buckle-L. A. Dempsey	forfeit

Some Thurston's History

As Lords is to cricket, so is Thurston's to Billiards. Following is an article from the "News of the World," which has particular Australian interest seeing that many of Walter and Horace Lindrum's best performances have been put up at Thurston's.

THURSTON'S, the most famous match hall in the world, blitzed during the war when the front of the building was torn out, was re-opened this month.

It is to be renamed the Leicester Hall, though it may take the public a long time to get used to this, and it is announced that the 1946-47 world's championship snooker final, between Fred Davis and Walter Donaldson, will be played there during the fortnight of October 13-25.

The hall is to be controlled by a panel of three: Miss Joyce Gardner, former woman billiards champion; Mr. T. B. Leng, a well-known referee; and Mr. Ted Lowe, who represents the man behind the whole scheme, Mr. Bob Jelks.

The table to be used was for years the private table of the late Tom Newman. It is to be fixed in this hall as a memorial to a great player.

I understand that the Leicester Hall will be used for the women's professional championships and for a number of new events.

Among the latter are a sort of second division professional snooker championship and various amateur events including an inter-national amateur tournament between England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland,

and probably the finals of the London Leagues, for which the "News of the World" is awarding a trophy.

As Joe Davis has retired from both championship snooker and championship billiards, the United Kingdom professional billiards title is likely to be put up again, and this event will also be played at Leicester Hall.

Unfortunately, Joe Davis's retirement does not mean a lively scrap in billiards, for Sidney Smith is so far superior to all other challengers that he may have to be seeded into the final.

In the background of this good news about the famous old hall is a shadow. Some of the leading players, who participated in the effort to get the hall into action again, do not agree on certain points affecting the control of the hall.

A certificate has been awarded to Horace Lindrum, at present playing a series of matches against Joe Davis in South Africa, for a snooker break of 141 made in Manchester against Joe some ten years ago.

The Billiards Association point out, however, that, although the break is confirmed, it is not accepted as a world's record break, because the evidence shows quite clearly that the table on which it was made was not standard.

Joe Davis's break of 138 is still the world's record break, as officially recognised. It has been exceeded several times, at least twice by Joe himself, on tables with oversize pockets.

Ode to Spring

I AM steering down the highway where the signposts lead to Spring.
While the tireless engine twitters like a songbird on the wing
Wheeling in the blue appealing sky—and, for the love of living,
Giving forth, like Pan's pipes pealing, sweet, fond notes, their rapture stealing
To my heart betimes, while beating, tender-toned, a gracious greeting
As the joy bells merry ring down the highway bound for Spring.

* * *

I AM weary of the winter, for its wanton winds blow surely;
I would hie to sunlit places far beyond the hurly-burly
Of the city chill and sleeting, there to find a genial greeting
'Mid the green buds' tender bursting—thirsting for the Sun God's blessing
And the soft, warm winds caressing . . .
I am not concerned, or heeding
Captious traffic cops, but speeding—now, at least I have my fling
Down the highway bound for Spring.

Putting it Straight

IN SUMNER WELLES' latest book, "Where Are We Heading?", a facsimile is reproduced of a clause of the Atlantic Charter, as drafted by Welles, and as amended by Roosevelt. The amendment goes to prove Roosevelt's directness of speech. Welles wrote of the nations:

"They likewise hope to see established by such a peace safety for all peoples as the high seas and oceans, and the adoption of such measures as will render unnecessary a continued burden of all armaments other than those which are purely defensive."

Roosevelt's amendment after the words "as will": "prevent the continuation of expenditure for armaments other than those which are purely defensive."

AT Port Phillip (Melbourne) Autumn meeting of 1849, the N.S.W. champion horses, Emerald and Tally Ho, and the Tasmanian representatives, Coronet and Holly-oak, were beaten by the Victorian horse, Bunyip. On the same day Bunyip also won the Town Plate, Publicans' Purse and Ladies' Purse. Next day he won two 2-miles events. During the season Bunyip competed in 14 principal races, winning them all.

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Our Swimming Club's Ball

First Post-War Function Huge Success.

"Some show!"

That was the pithy summing-up of the 260 members and friends when Tattersall's Club Amateur Swimming Club's first post-war Ball ended in the Club on Saturday evening, 20th September.

Always one of the most popular functions held in the Club this year's Ball was right up to the standard sets in pre-war years and this pleased the old hands no end as they had been boosting its excellence to the newer members for a long time.

Tastefully decorated, the Club Room has never looked better and the friendly spirit that always pervades our Club functions plus the splendid music provided by Merv. Lyons' orchestra that just made one want to dance, soon had everybody in the groove.

A couple of droll tumblers provided an amusing floor show that sent the guests to the Pool in a happy frame of mind.

In the Pool the time-honoured show was put on to show how our swimmers can move along, aided by the presence of the beauty and brilliant frocking of the ladies.

Before the water events Mr. John Hickey, in the absence of the Chairman, presented the season's trophies to Clive Hoole, winner of the 1946-47 Point Score, Stuart Murray, runner-up, and to monthly Point Score winners George Goldie, "Mick" Murphy, Peter Lindsay and S. B. Solomon.

A special trophy was presented to Donald Wilson in recognition of his consistent (he calls it "honest") swimming.

Surprise presentations of travel bags were made by members of the Swimming Club to Jack Dexter, Secretary, Jack Gunton, Handicapper and Sam Block, Starter and Time-keeper, in recognition of their work in getting the Club moving again.

Two of our young prospective Olympic representatives, Bruce Bourke and Peter Vines, who have been training all the winter in the Pool, were introduced to the guests



and gave much appreciated exhibitions, Vines swimming 100 yards in 56 2/5 seconds and Bruce 100 yards backstroke in 66 seconds, both sterling efforts for youngsters who are nowhere near their top.

Club members came into their own when four teams of four stalwart swimmers contested a scratch teams race, each man swimming two laps. It was a grand race with three teams finishing within inches of one another, the winners being P. Lindsay, C. Hoole, N. P. Murphy and P. Hernon, their efforts putting them in really well with their wives who were presented with mementoes of the evening.

Sad note of the show was that one of our prominent swimmers who had evidently been telling the tale at home how good he was, swam so poorly that afterwards his wife greeted him with "I thought you were a good swimmer. Why you're no good at all." Was his face red!

So to supper and on with the dance and at the end the unanimous decision that the Ball was the function of the year.

In no small measure the success of the evening was due to the organisation of all details by Tattersall's Club officials and the excellent service and hard work of the staff and for this the Swimming Club desires to record its hearty thanks.

PRESENT-day boxers favour long spells between bouts. They are in deep contrast to some old-timers. A fighter named Iron Bark Jimmy Burge, who fought Sam Baxter of England at Larry Foley's White Horse Stadium 40 rounds with small gloves, and then Burge had a 25-round fight the following Saturday. If the fighters received £10 apiece Larry considered them well paid. The old White Horse Hotel and Stadium was situated on the site of the present day Strand Arcade in George Street. The only entrance to the Stadium was through a billiard room with about ten tables and what the cueists said about the fight spectators who interrupted their game was nobody's business.

Racing Fixtures

OCTOBER

City Tattersall's.....	Sat., 18th
Sydney Turf Club	Sat., 25th

NOVEMBER

Sydney Turf Club	Sat., 1st
Sydney Turf Club	Sat., 8th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 15th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 22nd
Sydney Turf Club	Sat., 29th

DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 6th
Sydney Turf Club	Sat., 13th
Australian Jockey Club....	Sat., 20th
Australian Jockey Club....	Fri., 26th
Tattersall's Club	Sat., 27th

JANUARY, 1948.

Tattersall's Club	Thurs., 1st
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D. J. Murphy, 31 Marion Street, Harris Park, wrote to a member of this club with reference to a paragraph in the daily Press telling of the meeting in Sydney of Maurice Grogan—who did the bidding for W. J. Smith at the sale of Shannon—and Maurice McCarten. Reference was also made to Fred Tilley. Mr. Murphy said:

"THE stables of Fred Tilley were at Fordell, about eight miles from my native town—now a city—of Wanganui. I knew all the Grogan family and, nearer home, Mrs. John McCarten was my Godmother. John McCarten was the uncle of Maurice.

"I remember a number of the boys who worked for Tilley in my day, including 'Maggott' Young—so called because of his diminutive stature—and Billy Price, a younger brother of George.

"As a boy I served my apprenticeship with the saddlery establishment of W. L. Young, later Young and Collins, and many a stirrup leather, bridle and saddle I repaired for Fred Tilley and George Price. George, who was then a boy, was employed by Tom Bristol, a local butcher who had several horses. Later on, I worked for Ben Bennett, who had several

horses and Harry Alexander and I used to ride track work.

"Among Bennett's horses were Waione, Stepman and Halbadier. Bennett won the N.Z. Cup with Halbadier—in 1905, I think."

HANDBALL NOTES

The Club Championships are going along slowly and quite a lot of games have to be played before the title winners are crowned.

All competitors are requested to play their games as soon as possible so that the championships may be decided before the hot weather sets in.

Star handballers Bill Tebbutt, Eddie Davis and I. Green are still in the "A" Grade running and the second round game between Tebbutt and Green is being eagerly anticipated.

Results:—

"A" Grade Championship—

First Round:—J. Buckle defeated A. E. Rainbow, E. H. Pratt forfeited to G. McGilvray, I. Green defeated B. Partridge, W. Tebbutt defeated K. Hunter.

Second Round:—P. Hernon forfeited to E. E. Davis.

"B" Grade Championship—

First Round:—K. Eiseman forfeited to E. T. Penfold, P. Lindsay defeated G. Pratten.

Second Round:—A. McCamley defeated Ted Davis, C. H. Woodfield defeated K. Williams.

"C" Grade Championship—

First Round:—N. Barrell defeated G. Goldie, T. H. English defeated H. E. Davis, C. Kirwan defeated C. Hoole.

Second Round:—N. P. Murphy defeated S. T. Murray.

WALTER HAMMOND BROADCASTS

WALTER HAMMOND, captain of the M.C.C., in a broadcast last night on the Test tour rejected any idea of biased umpiring, but added: "I believe the umpiring was not up to Test match standard.

"With every confidence I can say that the two umpires did their very best and were impartial," he said. "Mistakes were made, but no umpire is infallible in England, in Australia or anywhere."

"As for bumpers they were at times used a little more frequently than I think was necessary, but at no time would I say the laws had been infringed. The no-ball habit is one on which most people hold strong opinions.

"I suggest that the tour taught us one thing—that we would be well advised to see that our own umpires take particular care to curb this bad habit; and what is more, to curb the tendency of any particular bowler at once and not wait till a Test match is in progress."

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Thomas Sutcliffe Mort

THERE stands on the western corner of the triangular garden in Macquarie Place a bronze statue to the memory of Thomas Sutcliffe Mort. On the plinth are carved these words . . .

"Pioneer of Australian resources, a founder of Australian industries, one of those who established our wool market.

The first to make export of perishable food possible by refrigeration, and to provide docks for the reception of the world's shipping.

A founder of the Australian Mutual Provident Society and foremost in every movement for the care and welfare of his fellow-citizens, who, in gratitude, erected this monument to his memory."

Thomas Mort's contribution to our modern economic structure and way of life has been greater than is commonly imagined. Well-merited, indeed, is the tribute by which his fellow-citizens have remembered his worth.

According to parish records the name Mort was honourably known for several centuries in districts of Lancashire and to Jonathan Mort of Bolton, a son was born on 23rd December in the year 1816; he was christened Thomas with the added name of Sutcliffe—his mother's family.

Following on the death of his father, young Thomas Sutcliffe Mort commenced work at the age of 17 years with A. S. Henry and Company of Manchester. Ever and anon, however, his thoughts turned to the opportunities awaiting a young man in the newer lands overseas and he dreamed of a future fraught with possibilities.

In his 21st year he sailed for New South Wales in the barque "Superb", under engagement to the firm of Aspinall, Brown & Company. He arrived in Sydney early in 1838 and worked so hard and successfully that he was eventually offered a partnership by his employers.

Aspinall, Brown & Co. suffered severely in the financial crisis of 1842 with the result that Thomas Mort was forced to the serious consideration of either seeking other employment or venturing forth on his own account.

Always of an optimistic disposition, he chose the latter course, and in 1843 established himself as an auctioneer in a then new line of business—wool, tallow and hides—a daring, but fortunately successful, innovation.

By 1850, the firm of Mort & Brown, as it was then known, erected their first great store at the end of Phillip Street and made history by publishing the first trade circular in the colony of New South Wales to which, incidentally, the press of the day devoted a leading article.

Time passed and the wool auctions flourished so that Thomas Mort gradually acquired the wealth which enabled

him to launch into more important enterprises. Even at this early period Mr. Mort displayed a true pioneering instinct; he helped and inspired the colonists in the possibilities of railways; he advocated the formation of mutual provident associations for insurance against old age; he encouraged sugar growing and even advocated a scheme of silkworm culture in New South Wales.

One of the great, if not the greatest, achievements of his life, however, was the establishment of the great dock at Balmain, so well-known down the years simply as—Mort's Dock.

The words of the Hon. E. Deas Thomson, speaking at a public function in 1857, very adequately describe the importance of the dock to the port of Sydney . . . "There is scarcely any other work which has been attempted which could be of so much importance to this city, seeing that it has obtained for us the traffic of the mail steamers which come to this port. Without this work, it is quite evident that their destination would be Melbourne and we should have only the postal service with England".

Not long after arriving in the colony, Thomas Mort married Miss Theresa Laidley. In 1846 he acquired a property at Darling Point on which he built the mansion "Greenoaks"—so well-known in later years as one of the lovely "old homes" of Sydney, now known as "Bishopscourt".

It was at "Greenoaks" that Thomas Mort established and opened for public view, a gallery of fine arts which he furnished with pictures, antiques and relics collected from centres of world-wide renown in Europe and elsewhere. In thus sharing his treasures with his fellowmen, Thomas Mort displayed that fineness of character and disposition which coloured his whole life.

Incidentally, it was through the interest and generosity of Thomas Mort that the Church of St. Mark's at Darling Point was built and also from his abundance that the University, the Public Library of the day and the free reading rooms were helped financially.

In 1856 Thomas Mort took over what was to become later the famous Bodalla Estate where so much valuable work was done in improving pasture lands, butter and milk production and last but not least, the quality of our dairy stock.

Together with Mort's Dock, however, we must remember Thomas Mort's great contribution to our history in his unceasing work for adequate food refrigeration—a then new and daring venture.

For many years he was greatly interested in the matter of conserving and commercially using our meat surplus, and after many early trials, his faith in the efforts of two men, Morris & Nicolle, was at last rewarded. As a result, in 1870, freezing works were set up, not only in the City of Sydney, but at Lithgow and Darling Harbour. Later, in 1879, the first refrigerated cargo left Australia and it is easy now to realize just what value that industry has bestowed on the Australian trade.

In 1878 Thomas Mort, one of our greatest pioneers, died in the 62nd year of his life—in circumstances characteristic of the man.

One of his employees at Bodalla died and, during the funeral ceremonies, rain began to fall. Thomas Mort, ever kind and considerate of others, shielded the widow with his umbrella but, in thus exposing himself to the weather, caught the chill which caused his death.

He was mourned by the whole State, but one of the greatest tributes came from a mass meeting at the Sydney Town Hall of the men and women who worked for him. At this meeting the Acting Lord Mayor said . . . "His perseverance, his enterprise and his quiet pluck; his love of his adopted country and his earnest desire for her development in commerce and agriculture, in industries and science; his enlightened liberality and sensitive consideration for the feelings of others, his iron will and his gentleness of heart—all these qualities create in my mind a genuine admiration for the late Mr. Mort as a man, and of sorrow for his loss as a colonist".

The ordinary people of Sydney and throughout the State, at their own wish, subscribed to a memorial to Thomas Sutcliffe Mort—the statue which stands today in Macquarie Place and which was unveiled in 1883 before a dense and absolutely silent crowd.

To our modern way of life, and to the development of our country, Thomas Mort contributed much. In every sense he was a great man to whom surely the best memorial must be the important primary and secondary industries which he benefited.



An early view of Thomas Sutcliffe Mort's Statue in Macquarie Place.

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